

*To the
Nightingale.*

E VERY night, from even till
morn, L ove's Chorister amid
the thorn, I s now so sweet
a singer! S o sweet, as for her
Song, I scorn A POLLO'S voice
and finger.

B ut, Nightingale! sith you delight
E ver to watch the starry night, T
ell all the stars of heaven ! H
eaven never had a star so bright
A s now to earth is given !

R oyal ASTR^{EA} makes our day E
ternal, with her beams! nor may G
ross darkness overcome her ! I
now perceive, why some do write,
" N o country hath so short a night
A s England hath in summer."

HYMN VI I.

To the Rose.

E YE of the garden ! Queen of Flowers
!
L OVE'S cup, wherein he nectar
pours!
I ngendered first of nectar.
S weet nurse-child of the Spring's
young Hours!
A nd Beauty's fair Character !
B est jewel that the earth doth wear!
E ven when the brave young sun
draws near,
T o her hot love pretending;
H imself likewise, like form doth bear,
A t rising and descending.
R ose, of the Queen of Love
beloved ! E ngland's great Kings
(divinely moved) G ave Roses in
their banner: I t shewed, that
Beauty's Rose indeed, N ow in this
Age should them succeed,, A nd
reign in more sweet manner.